

E4 C.1

February 1995

*the Emily*



*Where do I go to find images  
of woman, woman made.*

*-Sheila Chandra*

Vol. 13 No. 4



**The submissions deadline is March 11.**

Drop off your contributions to the *Emily* Box in the women's centre or come to our weekly meetings, Tuesdays at 12:30.



Yes we again want submissions from you.

The next issue of the *Emily* will come out in March. This issue will focus on the Family. We'd love any poetry, articles, fiction, ideas, art, time that you want to contribute.

## A Wonderful Heap of Maidens

Christie Shaw  
Adrienne Mercer  
lisa j  
Jacqueline Anne Crummey  
Deborah Thien  
Jennifer Charchun  
Shelley Marie Motz  
Joy Munt  
Carol Chavigny  
S. Boon  
Sarah McCoubrey  
Kirsty Dickson  
Jen Saunders  
Tara Sharpe  
Lynn Solomon  
Carmelle Jorgenson  
Linda Ledrew  
Jen McNealy  
Alison Loney

**The Collective wishes to thank lillah the lesbian librarian for participating in the *Emily* Cabaret with poetry from her anthology entitled *Some Very Nice Poems*.**

**Thank - You Lillah**

cycles

It comes in cycles  
you tell me,  
in a voice that shakes as gently  
as burnt leaves  
tossed upon the ground  
by the bored hand of the November wind.

I watch words tumble  
from your open mouth  
like the self-same leaves  
tumbling in suicide  
to the dead cement  
below. Like you,  
they know when it's time to die.

You pace  
upon the braided rug of color  
as smooth as a skater  
on rainbow ice.  
Gliding through misery,  
you take my hand like a rope.

I do not want to dance.

But, you lead me  
like a lover to bed  
with your words  
that lay shivering at my feet,  
their last breath  
an afterthought. I see.

It comes in cycles.  
I picture laundry, whirling white  
and clean.  
The spin cycle offers renewal.  
I imagine dull pain  
as familiar as blood  
between my legs. A reminder  
of flesh.  
I dream of the tide  
flirting with the moon,  
her skirts raised  
and sand spilling like sperm.

I see you  
as real as an open sore  
wringing your hands like Ophelia.

The seasons on your face  
are cyclic  
in their colors black  
upon black,  
upon nothing. You twirl  
through summer's haze  
and winter's flat silence  
like a dancer stuck in the glue of her movements.  
Words pour  
in a sing-song of sadness  
from your mouth  
still open like a new bird. I see  
the seasons of depression  
flip through your face- a calendar  
of pain,  
each cycle circled  
in red.

You nypnotize me  
in this seasonal dance  
around bonfires of sorrow  
that burn  
circles upon my cheeks. I see  
the black in your eyes  
that drags you like an anchor  
to the bottom,  
your hands outstretched, Jesus like.

A crucifixion,  
of sorts  
Pinned to the cross  
by a blanket  
stitched, cut, pasted  
by your own shaking hand.

Jennifer Charchun

**Cover Photo  
by Joy Munt**



*the family*

Attention Agnesi the Witch: Couldn't reprint your letter because it is deemed offensive by the Emily collective, but I have written a response. If you're interested, it is waiting for you in the Women's Centre.

- Kirsty Dickson

## Letters to the Emily

Pornography eh? I'm real sexy. Watch the guys fight over small droopy breasts and big nipples. Line right up here! I'm waiting!

I'd kill for a tiny waist.  
Take my hips, please!

What planet do porno women come from? I don't look like that. I don't know anybody who looks like that.

I'll tell you what pornography is. Baywatch is pornography. Look at them!

It's not fair!

Lucillia Cuprina

## The Emily Letters Policy

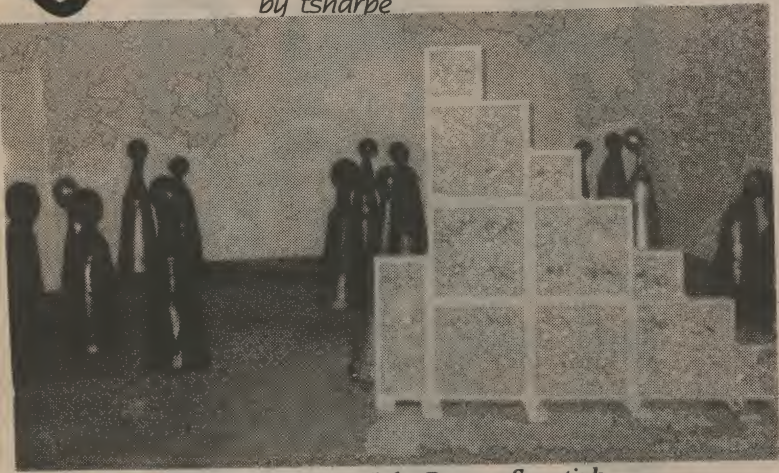
The Emily accepts all letters written by women which are not racist, sexist or homophobic. Please drop all submissions for the Emily in the UVic Women's Centre.

# Don't you think that every creative



# CORNUCOPIA of ♀'s ART...

by tsharpe



"Gathering of the Sisters", by Doreen Sopotiuik

looking at the space as you are looking at the work."

And the view of this art was appealing. Approximately 150 visitors per day observed the work of twenty-two local artists. There was an oil painting by Phyllis Serota, a photographic triptych by Tandra Moreland, an alabaster sculpture carved by Sandra Bilawich and an eleven-and-a-half minute video produced by Rebecca van Sciver.

Doreen Sopotiuik's "Gathering of the Sisters" took up half of the second room. Silver, granite and ochre-shaded manikins clustered around a glass-blocked wall. The figurines vaguely resembled bowling pins but were grouped in twos or threes rather than in the rigid perimeters of the bowling-alley pyramid. The conical forms were topped with smooth spheres which inclined forward as if in intense conversation.

The glass wall was

etched with the first names of eight women, all "who have been sisters" to Sopotiuik. The shadows of the figures threw a relief across the glass bricks, stretching along the names in an extended embrace.

The piece was engagingly interactive: visitors could walk around the faceless figures, sensing threads of energy as if the manikins were connected by hidden magnets. Miniature monoliths, these figurines were a testimony to women's collective power.

Sopotiuik's multimedia object art was the most evocative work in the exhibit, with its deliberate dedication to the continuance of a female-supported artistic community.

Sopotiuik emphasized this solidarity in her statement that "Sisters" was meant "to celebrate the lives of ordinary women who deserve glorification for what they do for each other and human kind."

She intended the piece to epitomize "the many ways women are known as sisters, nuns, nurses, teachers, siblings, lesbians, sororities, socialists, whores, feminists, mothers, daughters, wives, witches."

"Women's Seder" by Sima Elizabeth Shefrin was a rectangular quilt with a cerise background and an appliqued scene of eight women seated around a table. The stitching was precise yet the fabric forms of the women did not offer compelling detail. "Seder" was not jolting in its originality yet the political intent was evident.

The inclusion of textile art within the exhibit saluted women artists who choose to work with needle and thread or wool and steel, rather than oil and brush or marble and chisel. This inclusion was an affirmative nod to a genre which has historically been subjected to virtual exile from traditional definitions of art.

In the 70s, Patricia Mainardi, a feminist art-historian, asserted that quilting was a "women's art." Such a remark, although essentialist, points to the reason that textiles have been habitually excluded from the selective canon of art history.

"Seder" also redefined a traditional Jewish ceremony. The Seder is a ceremonial feast, celebrated on the first two nights of Passover. The absence of male figures in Shefrin's rendition testified to a two-directional political agenda: her "Seder" sought to unravel both artistic and religious bindings, which have traditionally surrounded many women, in an attempt to free these women and offer them a table of their own.

"I See the Future, and It's a Clear, Blue Sky" was a charcoal drawing by Lynn Gray. Its bold brushstrokes, outlined by a black matte background and a black metal frame, sketched four female figures of varying ages.

These women appeared to be of African origin, garbed in ceremonial clothing and jewelry. Although none of them were smiling, their faces radiated resolution: an unflinching firmness shaped their mouths and a shared female gaze pointed fixedly into a future. The optimistic title hinted at a steady hopefulness in the expressions of these four women.

Lynn Gray skirted around issues of appropriation by the candour of her intent: she felt the drawing "talk[ed] about community spirit and harmony and an oppressed group."

Gray also felt the creative process of this particular piece extended into a series of self-directed questions: "How do I feel about being in a community? How do I feel about being a gay artist? [How do I feel about] drawing about an oppressed group?"

An inclusive communal spirit, distinctive in Gray's drawing, was the most pervasive effect of the festival. And the dynamic mix of different genres in this exhibit reflected the multi-disciplinary approach of the ten-day event. Lord stated this blend resulted from "the need for exchange of ideas, the need for crossover [of disparate disciplines]."

As well as the visual arts exhibit, there were venues for film, theatre and music. There was a permanent panel collage, "The Panel Project," which was compiled by many different women and recognized "a community recollection of our mothers." There was also a forum for discussion entitled "What is Women's Art?" which ran all day Saturday (Feb.4).

Four people from Intrepid Theatre Company instigated this successful event: Jennifer Lord, Janet Munsil (general manager), Tracey Wait (sponsorship services) and Stephen White (producer). They received support and sponsorship from various sources, including *Focus on Women* magazine.

But the festival was denied government grants. In the coming weeks, Intrepid will be organizing a fund-raising event to replenish their coffers.

If you want to volunteer, or are interested in helping with next year's *Focus on Women Art Festival*, get on the horn to Intrepid at 383-2663, and join up. ♀

The focus of Victoria's first *Focus on Women Arts Festival* zoomed in on an animated artistic community.

The festival's visual arts event (Jan.29 to Feb.5) was located within two white-walled rooms on the fourth floor of the Victoria Eaton Centre. The venue created a startling juxtaposition between the Centre's commercial environment, of aggressively neon storefronts overlooked by

**fuck you daddy**

look at you                      soft, sparse grey hair  
yellowed from years of smoking  
your frail, aged body              hunched  
dressed in suspenders & polyester pants              always sliding  
down  
shuffling towards the booth to meet me  
'what's on your mind, sweetie?'  
all concern and loving

hard to picture              my tiny, rigid body  
crushed under yours              pillow with stains of old spit  
held over my face so I can't breath  
the huge hand vice-grips my throat              screams snapped in  
half  
your angry dick tearing apart my mouth, my cunt, my ass  
i'm bad, dirty, stupid, good-for-shit  
that's what you used to tell me

well, i'm a big girl now              can't be mute  
won't keep your secret              shame silent  
took almost forty years to face you              tell you  
what you did was rape & i'm here today to give back  
all the pain & hate that you drove into me  
with your fists & your words & your sex  
it's amazing that i'm here at all

look at me              i'm the strong one now  
don't need my 'daddy' any longer  
& to tell you that gives me back my power              unhooks  
the hold  
you're old & weak & bare              running scared  
deny it, whatever, you don't matter  
what you started when i was 3  
i'm ending @ 38              our last date

lisa j

## woman is a lover and a revolutionary?

Nabaneeta Dev Sen, poet



# Graffiti from Hell

by Joy Munt

If you think all is well in the halls and classrooms of UVIC than you obviously haven't visited the men's washrooms lately. Maybe you wouldn't be surprised to hear that the walls are decorated with sexist and homophobic jargon, but even if you expect it you may still be surprised at what you see.

In early December I set out on an adventure to photograph some of the graffiti I had heard about. (The photographs I took are only of the sexist graffiti because the homophobic graffiti was directed at males and being male

they are aware of the men's washrooms). With help from a friend I tracked through some of the washrooms to find sexist and degrading paraphernalia.

Though many of the bathrooms had been freshly scrubbed I had no problem finding what I was looking for. In front of my eyes existed some sort of weird scrambling that seemed almost foreign to me. Like I was on an anthropological quest trying to figure out what planet these morons are from. Then I'm sadly reminded - Earth. As much as we all wish things to be different, ignorance and stupidity, like that on the walls of the men's washrooms, still exist.

What kind of graffiti is finding itself on the walls of our local restrooms? How about an image of a naked

woman being humped by a dog. What brilliant man took the time to draw that work of 'art'? Yes these are the men that we go to school with and even though it 'may' be the minority I feel no safer. The man responsible for drawing a headless naked woman with a sign saying 'fresh meat for sale' could sit behind me in class or walk by me every day in the halls.

These drawings are not a joke and any man that says so is seriously demented. The images on the walls hurt. I did not laugh and neither has any woman I have shown the pictures to. The photographs are from the bathrooms in University center and the basement of the library. If you wish to see the photos they are displayed in the UVSS resource center. Come have a look. ♀



## Substance

dark bars and shadowy figures  
I wait, feeling for the presence that will find me  
leaning expectantly against wood paneling  
suffused in false warmth

again  
survey the crowded room through a crystal wineglass  
revolve the stem in my fingertips  
he is a thousand reflected faces  
and all his eyes are on me

scene three  
lean body shifting  
we drive through the mountains and comment  
on the view of the sea  
see each other in sidelong glances stolen  
on the maniac curves

final act  
the road ends exactly  
where I saw it in my mind  
we emerge, gain substance  
I created this moment  
long before now

Deborah Thien



"you're not exactly a child bride," you tell me, we look into the bedroom mirror, your arms round my waist like a life preserver (can I stand on my own, it's been so long) we keep telling them about our peace & they say we've never felt it, with you I feel warmer than home it doesn't matter if we have sex when I get high from the way you breathe, it isn't my first love, my last love, it's love from another direction & I feel you coming on through the night & it doesn't matter where we live or how old we are, all we need is each other in whichever language we choose to command, your words, your arms hold me over crosswalks and continents I am not fresh in white but when will I be so wise again?

-adrienne mercer

("You're not exactly a child bride" from *A Taste of Honey*, by Shelagh Delaney, p. 29, Methuen Student Edition (1982) copyright 1959 by Shelagh Delaney.)

# Don't you think that every creative



# PURE VOCAL POWER

*I have only my voice to carry me*  
- Sheila Chandra\*

I have undermined my voice. Devalued it as a soulful and evocative instrument and as a tool expressive of my personal power.

Have you, too? Or, have you disciplined it, trained it, nurtured it? Have you modestly said, "No, no. I can't sing"? Or have you fearlessly burst into song while waiting at the bus stop? Have you chanted loudly and angrily at Take Back The Night Marches or have you shifted uneasily and laughed nervously while the women around you shouted "Hey Hey Ho Ho Patriarchy has got to go". Did you stand there in stunned silence when the man in the parking lot stood directly before you and began masturbating or did you allow bellows of outrage to explode from your throat?

*When your lover tells you/He does not like to hear your voice/You stop singing...\**

Women in the western world have been socialized, in the words of human rights activist Bella Abzug, to "speak softly and carry a lipstick". A demure and quiescent female embodies the heterosexist ideal of femininity. On the flip side of that ideal is the much abhorred mouthy dyke. A silent dyke is much more acceptable. "I don't care if you're a lesbian. I just don't want to hear about it".

Popular stereotypes of Black women reveal a similar dichotomy. The quiet and uncomplaining Black servant is juxtaposed against the strident and loud Black woman radical. Western society's

romanticization of Asian women as compliant and unprotesting is another example of the fact that silence is valued in women. History should have taught us all that such silence renders women complicit in our own oppression.

*Later...You feel your voice reshape itself/Feel it surge to the surface of your flesh...\*\**

In a society which values silence in women and which systematically silences the expression of women's experiences, I cannot help but perceive the act of singing, the act of training and disciplining one's voice, as an empowering act. It is an active reclamation of one's voice, of a woman's power to express herself. The singer who is in complete control of her instrument controls so much. She controls her very breath.

A similar statement can be made regarding cultures which proudly and passionately explore 'traditional' forms of musical expression such as Bhangra and Reggae.

*The voice has always been the centre of my universe - Sheila Chandra*

Sheila Chandra's most recent CD, *The Zen Kiss*, provides a fascinating analysis of the power of voice as well as the means by which vocal harmonies transcend cultures. Chandra began her career singing Indian folk songs. Since then she has studied the folk music of diverse cultures: Islamic, Celtic, Andalusian and Bulgarian.

Despite the differences between these types of music, Chandra has discovered rich commonalities between them.

She has discovered that it is relatively easy to move "from a soul vocal to an Islamic vocal, and then into that very hard guttural sound of Andalusia. It becomes a kind of vocal chain, with techniques leading into each other".

Through her music, Chandra evokes similarities between cultures. She also expresses the belief that diverse cultural elements can be drawn together. "I am often unaware of the precise joining between two styles; it seems so natural to slip from one style to another".

She purports that the concept of drone has enabled her to bring diverse influences together. "I think life has a drone, like your blood in your ears or the sound of a stream".

*I now see a place, like the eye of the storm, where there's just pure vocal - Sheila Chandra*

The Indian vocal art, Konnakol, exemplifies the singer's mastery over her voice. Konnakol is based on an Indian technique of calculation for drummers. There are two main classical drums in India - the Tabla in the north and the Mrdingam in the south. Before a student picks up one of these drums, s/he learns a series of onomatopoeic syllables which replicate the sound of the drums. The employment of these syllables has developed into a vocal art in South India. Konnakol.

Speaking in Tongues iii and iv, are examples of Konnakol in which Chandra "moves through vocal percussion to percussive singing and then into singing and maps out the different points of reference between pure vocal percussion and song".

However, she does not ad-

here to the calculation and rigid time cycles of traditional Konnakol. She experiments with the rhythm to present a "purely emotive collage of sound". She refers to these pieces as "post-sampling compositions" because she does not believe that she could have written them if she hadn't heard what electronic samplers are capable of. However, she states that the human sampler is still the best. "...even though technology is all around us, it is still human skill and inspiration that are among the most important things".

*She sleeps/Lulled by the rhythm/of her own breath \*\**

The discipline and nurturance of our voices, of our cultural products, is an act of empowerment. The woman who sings refuses to be silenced. The woman who sings controls her breath - in essence, her life.

\* All quotes attributed to Sheila Chandra are from the liner notes to her CD *The Zen Kiss*, Moonsung Productions/Real World Records, Ltd. 1994.

\*\* from *Voiced*, by Shelley Marie Motz. *Emily*, Vol.12. No.1. ♀

*the circle*

*we swear together  
women mouthing vulgarities  
so-fuckin-what but it's a release  
like anything else inside this circle  
we're losing those timid voices fast  
talking hard and straight  
so don't get in the way of my line  
or my sister's*

*we evolve revolve a thousand times  
every damn day  
just trying to make sense  
of more non-sense than I've ever seen in the Sunday cartoons  
only this isn't funny  
sometimes meaningless profanity  
is the only appropriate response  
to such shit*

Deborah Thien



## woman is a lover and a revolutionary?

Nabaneeta Dev Sen, poet



Are you interested in bicycling, birding, kayaking, hiking, walking, weight training, meeting women????

We hoped you'd feel that way.

We'd like to bring women together (a beautiful idea, don't you think) so we're initiating an outdoors group for women interested in getting together on this. Our idea is to develop a wide network of women who can meet on a regular basis to enjoy outdoor/indoor activities in a non-competitive atmosphere. We want to have fun, learn new skills, build confidence, and keep fit.

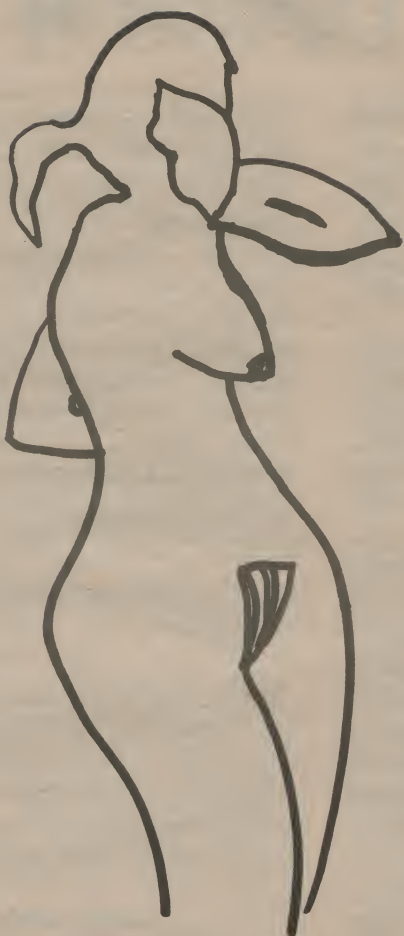
There is a women's outdoor club in Vancouver which is well-developed and we'd like to start a similar group here in Victoria. We suggest that our group meet on the first Wednesday of every month (this can be changed if it doesn't suit most people). At meetings, women who have a particular interest in an activity can offer to organize and lead something that they'd like to see happen. Once the group gets happening, activities can be planned a few months in advance. The more people, the better. It will take some time to formally set up a club, (that is, to get insurance and other legal details), so we'd like the organization to be informal to start. We say this so that no one person or group is liable for anything during outings. If we stir enough interest, keep up, and, in general, have a good time, we could then set up committees, finances, equipment, newsletters, etc.

*So you're still interested? You like the action?*

**Well here's the Event:**  
**Lesbian Outdoor Group**  
**Potluck Dinner meeting**  
 625 Niagara Street, Victoria  
 Wednesday March 1st, 1995  
 6:30 PM

We are hosting the meetings in the form of a potluck dinner with the business following afterwards. We really want you to be there.

For more information, call Semone or Michelle at 360-1975.



## Belly Dance

*twirl along the hallway  
 pause to sink my teeth in  
 bits of crystal drip from open mouths  
 illuminating our masquerade*

*we all bend to the sway  
 drink red wine to smooth over the fear  
 a row of glittering faces  
 maintain communion*

*in the end we dance carefully  
 enchanted with our success  
 discretely grinding pasta salad  
 into the hand-woven rug*

Deborah Thien

## Parts

clitorectomy -sounds like tonsillectomy  
 the removal of something that swells too often  
 grows infected, poisons the body

*I was born with the total sum of all my parts  
 altered now only through foolishness and vanity  
 I was born with tongue, skin, labia  
 I was born to feel*

clitorectomy  
*as if removing our buds can kill the roots  
 as if removing our lips can silence us  
 as if removing our lives can silence us*

clitorectomy  
*in it's mildest, kindest form the removal of sense and feeling  
 rites of silence  
 women as cattle*

labiectomy  
*the removal of the outer lips along with the nub  
 (the pearl, the feeling)  
 life as a wound*

*when a woman has been given the above procedure  
 the birth of each subsequent child rips her open  
 because her sexual parts are only a scar  
 and she rips and must be sewn and resewn  
 stitched together like a Raggedy Ann  
 before she falls apart  
 before her stuffing falls out*

*the introduction of penis to vagina  
 is as mechanical as sex with a  
 blow up doll  
 it is a man making love to himself*

*oh, she won't stray  
 won't feel, won't love, won't  
 yearn for her man  
 wont long to feel him inside her*

*and if you are a man who believes in this practice  
 I urge you to have you penis sliced off in solidarity*

## The Dinner Party

*I'm feeling really,  
 you know  
 like when your brain is full  
 but you can't  
 say anything. Kind of*

*like verbal constipation  
 (we laugh) do you know  
 what I mean?  
 Anna says this, her body  
 gyrating in frustrated  
 circles. Yes,*

*yes, I know  
 I say slowly for my brain  
 (my mind) is full,  
 twirling in belly dance. But  
 your mind! I am*

*triumphant. Anna knows  
 what I mean.  
 Her head bobs in rhythm  
 as I coin a phrase-  
 mental diarrhea. (we laugh)*

Jennifer Charchun

*why hold on to it?  
 chop it off  
 clip, lop, snip it off in the traditional fashion  
 without anesthetic or antiseptic  
 prune it off with old gardener's shears  
 slice it off with a butcher's knife  
 do it in a ritual way  
 make it sound necessary  
 make it sound like the right thing to do  
 make it sound holy*

*this is a poem about love  
 for the little girls who face  
 scissors and knives  
 this is a poem of love  
 for my sisters who never had a choice  
 for the grandmothers, mothers and  
 fathers who believe that blood and flesh  
 is a requirement, a responsibility,  
 the dues we pay, the debt we owe  
 the sacrifice required by religion  
 by a god  
 by some higher ideal  
 by peer pressure  
 by the powerful*

*this is a poem of love  
 to the women robbed and raped of their sexuality*

*and to the earth  
 in whom these parts are buried  
 clitorises and foreskins,  
 penises and testicles from the eunuchs of other ages  
 and labia  
 longing to speak of love  
 and no matter what you believe  
 this is for you.*

by Lynn Solomon

# Don't you think that every creative



# Relieved

♀♀♀♀♀♀ ♀ ♀♀ ♀♀♀♀♀♀ ♀♀ ♀♀ ♀

♀♀♀♀♀♀♀♀♀♀♀♀♀♀♀♀♀♀♀♀♀♀♀

*This morning I am barely provoked  
when you kiss me,  
leave me  
lying where I sleep,  
on edge.  
Later,  
I hold the receiver to my ear,  
loathe the wires stretching  
across the city like veins.  
They give me your voice  
but not your body  
and the twelve white buttons  
beneath my fingertips  
cannot replace this need  
for your tongue  
to smooth itself over my teeth,  
like waves over rocks.*

*This morning, the ocean is a murky place.  
Secretive. Seductive. Threatening.  
When I swim outdoors,  
I come close to bliss.  
When my body slips naked into the waters,  
shifting to meet my form,  
it is like my  
hand hand  
fingers thumb  
drawn into you  
your sweet sweetness  
hot pulsing rockpools  
secret caverns fitting perfectly  
around my  
hand hand  
fingers thumb.*

*Tonight, my flesh quickens.  
I am relieved  
to feel your bones beneath my tongue,  
relieved to feel your words  
vibrating in your chest  
and not the telephone receiver,  
relieved to be wrapped between your legs  
and not tangled in the wires twisting  
through the city like veins.*

by Shelley Marie Motz

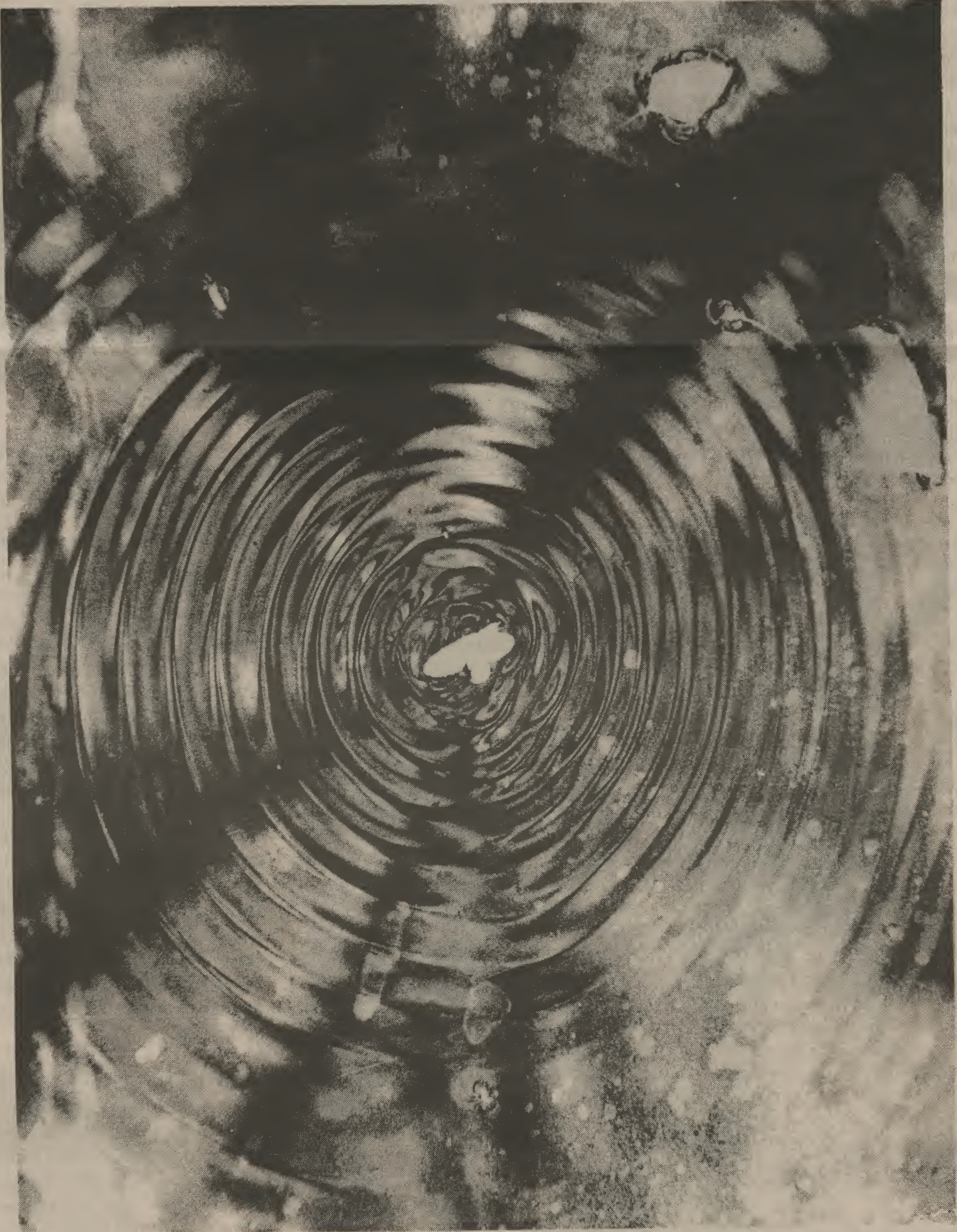


photo by Joy Munt

*woman is a lover and a revolutionary?*

Nabaneeta Dev Sen, poet



# The Desert i

by Carmel Jorgensen

Dr. Janice Monk's multimedia lecture "The Desert is No Lady" on Thursday, Oct. 26 focused on women whose creativity, sense of personal identity and sense of place is connected to the southwestern landscape. She used slides, film and poetry to illustrate how women's writing and art reflects their relationship with the landscape. Elements of Dr. Monk's talk and excerpts from the book *The Desert is No Lady* provide the focus for this article on how women perceive and relate to the landscape as sensuous and erotic.

The impact of the southwest landscape on a person's psyche is generally understood because it is based on the male perspective. There are three basic categories of men's relationships with the southwest: 1) as a pristine "virgin" wilderness to protect; 2) nostalgia for heroic adventures (Cowboys and Indians); or 3) opportunities for wealth through transformation of the landscape.

The research Dr. Monk based her talk on was the first to explore how **women** responded to the southwest landscape. Dr. Monk and her associates asked "what the landscape has meant to women of the three major cultures in the Southwest from 1880 to 1980, and how that envi-

ronment has shaped women's creativity and art." To understand women's perceptions and experiences Janice Monk said, "We must consider the influences of time, place, class, ethnicity, and life stages across cultures and time to women." The study featured the work of Indigenous, Chicano, and Anglo women artists and writers. These women, Monk writes "value the biophysical and cultural landscapes of the Southwest." This work resulted in the publication of a book entitled *The Desert is No Lady*. Contemporary writer Pat Mora provided the title of the book from her poem "UNREFINED." The poem illustrates how the desert unveils her sensuality:

*The desert is no lady.  
She screams at the spring sky,  
dances with her skirts high,  
kicks sand, flings tumbleweed,  
digs her nails into all flesh  
Her unveiled lust fascinates the sun*

For Indigenous and Chicana women in particular the land is sensual and sensate, actively communicating with people. They draw their ideas, energy and strength from the land. Chicana writer Denise Chavez personifies the landscape as a vibrant sensual women with erotic energy. The description of a cloud skyscape in "Progression from Water to the Absence," illustrates this:

VIII

*Purple red  
secret  
labial skies*

IX

*Stone breasts of horizon  
dear and moving*

X

*Tufted with a brown down  
razored hair of earth  
clodded and fibrous*

Dr. Monk found that "white women tend to be a little more repressed in their expression of their relationship with the

*"Many potters still preform  
rituals that show respect for  
Clay Women and Mother  
Earth"*

landscape. " Insider Anglo women, those who have backgrounds in the area for several generations, have a more typical indigenous women perspective than women who moved to the southwest from elsewhere. Henderson is one insider women who's poem shows how she connects with the land as a living, sensate being:

*Earth, your red canyons  
Are sluiced through me,  
The crests of your hills  
Break over me-  
I ride upward to meet them.*

The different ways male and female Anglo artists portrayed the southwest landscape is exemplified in the work by Ansel Adams and Nancy Newhall. Adams photographed landscapes with a "God-like nature." For example he took photos of a southwestern church at dawn or dusk. It was empty of people. The photo illuminated the architectural structure of the church against the landscape. In contrast, Nancy Newhall photographed the church during the day when it was alive with activity and people. The landscape and the church become humanized. Newhall's work shares similarities with other southwestern women's work by recording **humanized vernacular landscapes** and people's relation to them (fig. 1).

Overall, Dr. Monk found that "preoccupation with the vernacular crosses cultures and genres. Women value the ways that various landscapes reflect ordinary people and daily life." Janice Monk said that women tend to picture the things they see around them in everyday life - women baking bread, horses walking

Nancy Newhall, American Landscape photographer. From the "Desert is No Lady" 1987.



*Don't you think that every creative wo*



# 5 No Lady

over the land. Women also tend to depict women's activities. Both the natural and the built landscapes of the Southwest offer sources of inspiration for women in the Southwest. Dr. Monk concluded that "women of all cultural groups have found in the landscape (both natural and constructed) a source of strength and personal identity."

For the American Indian artist, collecting and molding natural materials is an important element of creation, perhaps a more significant part of artistry than the product. Dr. Monk notes that "the connections of the artist to the land can be seen in all stages of manufacture, from gathering clay to decorating and firing the pot." Many potters still perform rituals that show respect for Clay Women and Mother Earth.

Helen Cordero, a Cochiti potter says "to make good potteries, you have to do it the right way, the old way, and you have to have a special happy feeling inside." When working with the clay, Hopi Potter Polingaysi Qoyowayma, "lets the clay speak to her," while the "clay sings" to Helen Cordero. The artists treat Mother Earth as a sapient being. The Earth communicates with them and participates in the creation process.

"Firing pottery involves interacting with the landscape by honouring Mother Earth" (fig. 2). The artists show flexibility between the old way of doing things and the new by incorporating modern culture, tools and landscapes within their work. They view their creative activities as a "necessary means of preserving the balance and harmony of life."

Southwestern women's art shows how people change the landscape, and in turn how the landscape changes people. Sto-

*"to make good potteries, you have to do it the right way, the old way, and you have to have a special happy feeling inside."*

ries of association with the land are essential for personal and cultural survival. Southwest American Indian stories see wilderness and sexuality as identical. Dr. Monk writes that "Sexual encounters with the land serve to release and to channel the creative wilderness within." For Indigenous women the wilderness is a spirit being with a sexual aura. The be-

ing may be male or female. In Leslie Silko's story "Yellow Woman" the human woman willingly engages in literal sexual intercourse with the spirits who embody the land. The person and the spirit come together.

The landscape has served in various ways to liberate southwestern women's



Figure 2. Rosetta Huma of Sichomovi, First Mesa, uncovering pottery she has just fired, 1973. Arizona State Museum, University of Arizona, Tucson, Arizona.

creativity. Visions of the land as female predominate in their work, said Monk. The women artists and writers use a diversity of images and metaphors to gain a strong sense of place. For these women "the female land embodies complexity, power and worth." Women relate to the land as a living land.

"Southwestern women seek personal transformations through landscape." There is a connection, a reciprocity between the women and the landscape. The differences in the ways women artists and writers relate to the landscape reflect cultural heritages and the times and contexts they work in.

Dr. Janice Monk is Executive Director for the Southwest Institute for Research on Women at the University of Arizona. The regionally based institute comprises 30 universities and colleges across the southwest and northern Mexico. She spoke at UVic through the support of the Women Scholar's Visiting lecture series funded through the office of the Vice-President Academic.♀



*man is a lover and a revolutionary?* Nabaneeta Dev Sen, poet





## One Stop Feminist Shopping Everywoman's Books

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On Saturday, February 25, 1995, Everywomans Books celebrates its 20th Birthday as a feminist non-profit bookstore run by an all-volunteer collective. The general public is warmly invited to share in our festivities, with birthday cake and 20% off all books in the store during the day, and a gala reading in the evening.

The reading features distinguished local author Rona Murray; the crusading social worker from Prince George, Bridget Moran; Vancouver's multi-talented Shani Mootoo; and the innovative lesbian theorists/performing artists Kiss And Tell, also from Vancouver. A musical interlude will be provided by the Victoria a capella group The Sirens. The show, at UVic's David Lam Auditorium, begins at 7:30 pm, is co-hosted by the UVic Women's Studies Programme and sponsored by The Canada Council.



Tickets are \$13/\$10, available in advance from Everywoman's Books, open Mon-Sat 10:30-5:30, or at the door. A limited number of complimentary tickets are set aside for women on low income, on a first-come-first-served basis.

From its beginnings in a tiny shop on Oak Bay Avenue to a thriving downtown location, Everywomans Books has maintained its commitment to providing readers with a diverse selection of literature by, for, and about women.

The collective is composed of two dozen women at time in order to maintain staffing levels. Members are of all ages, walks of life, and shades of feminism. Whatever someone's notion of a "typical feminist" might be, there's bound to be some in the collective who confirm it and an equal number who contradict it. Women with an interest in books and a desire to work with other women in a feminist enterprise are always encouraged to inquire about joining the collective. Men are welcome as customers and supporters.

Old friends and those who've never been in before are all invited to stop by, say hello, and delight with us in the wealth of books written by women. ♀



### Worn Out

twirling my umbrella round and round  
nobody sees  
the holes in the soles of my big black boots  
they soak my feet & dampen my thoughts  
wool socks  
I never allowed to unravel  
I want to be more than a stamp of existence  
to people watching from apartment windows  
more than a stunned and wandering animal  
who is everything's prey  
sun comes out, I can not notice  
people talk, walk through me  
looking up at street signs that make no difference  
just one way to travel  
the rusting spokes of the green umbrella  
creak over my head  
plastic straining  
my nose is running  
I greet each telephone pole with a name  
clearly familiar  
remember the way  
they all touched me  
tingle of wooden knuckles  
shock of electrical wires

Adrienne Mercer

### Dyeing

My hands are encased  
in rubber  
for fear the dye  
will stain my skin  
like a birthmark.

You perch  
upon the toilet  
head tilted, eyes closed  
lips pressed together-  
a crescent moon.

I stand between  
offered open legs  
cradling you  
like a mother,  
fingers fondling.

red dye  
spread like wildflowers  
across your scalp,  
a sensual field  
of roots and touches.

My fingers  
push prod plead  
against your skull  
faster still until  
they stop- spent.

Your eyes  
slide open  
like window shades,  
your open mouth  
a smiling sun.

The latex  
licks my skin  
shed snake-like.  
I see you transformed,  
a fiery Medusa.

Jennifer Charchun

# Don't you think that every creative





photo by Joy Munt

## LADY

*I have been dreaming of bread. This day. All day. Dreaming of bread loaves - warm and round. Buttered. Dripping. Dreaming of bread - sweet, steamy insides. Tanned crust. Dreaming of sourdough, pumpernickel... Dreaming of yeast smells. Rising. (Cloth covering whatever is rising, steaming...) Dreaming of sweet bread and thick milk fed to me as a child by my Greek neighbour, Maria - her kitchen full of daughters and laughter and heat and rising smells and steam. Dreaming of dough. I must have flour and sugar. I have eggs. Now I can begin to create. One bowl. Two hands. Desire. I pour and crack. I mix and knead. Turn my desire onto a lightly floured surface and punch and press and smell and knead.*

*I have been told that the original meaning of lady is: She who kneads the dough to lightness. Tonight I'll be your lady. Leave the bread to bake in the oven. Turn to you. Turn you out. Seated at my table. Watching the sun set. I approach you. Hungrily. The smell of yeast, of baking bread. I bring you a bowl of olive oil and balsamic vinegar. Focaccia. Rosemary. Thyme. But I cannot resist. Do not refuse me. Let me be your lady. Take you with my hands. Knead you. Bring you again to lightness. Bring you again to lightness. Bring you again and again to lightness, within full view of the moon.*

*Shelley Marie Motz*

*Woman is a lover and a revolutionary?*

*Nabaneeta Dev Sen, poet*



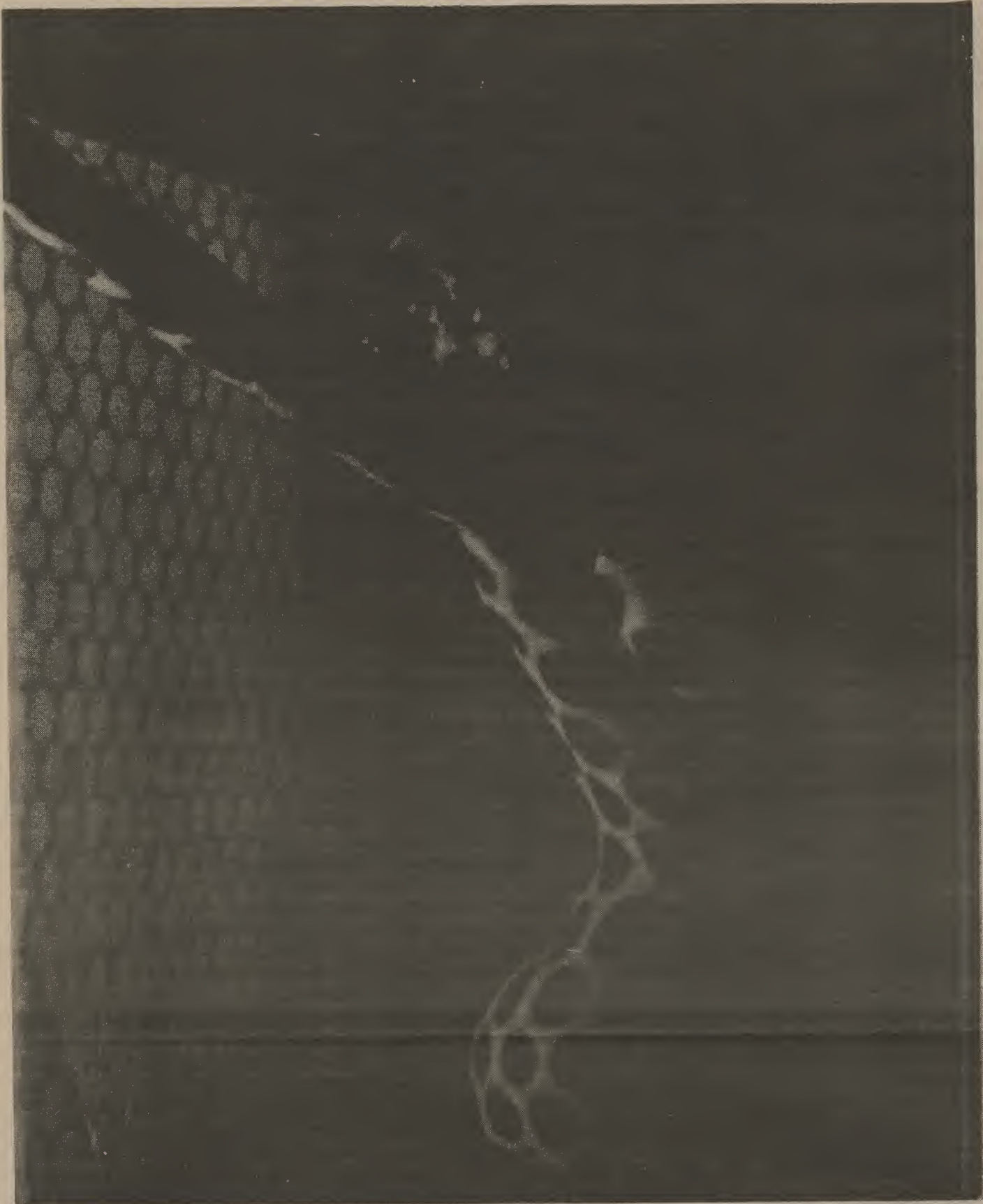


photo by Joy Munt

## L. I. V. E.

by Shelley Marie Motz

There is a new organization run by and for lesbians in town. It's L.I.V.E (Lesbians in Victoria Entertainment), the brainchild of Chris Vautour and Christi Salyn. They have a very simple mandate: to create large spaces and entertainment for lesbians in Victoria.

However, Chris asserts that L.I.V.E is not interested in undermining the existing lesbian-run production companies in town, such as Hot Flashes and Blind Date Productions. "We're trying to hit a market that is untapped right now so as to benefit the community at large". In fact, the focus of L.I.V.E is on large-scale events rather than coffee houses and gym dances. L.I.V.E is also interested in holding these events on a regular basis, perhaps bi-weekly, perhaps weekly...

L.I.V.E believes it has a re-

sponsibility to support the lesbian community in Victoria. Special needs groups which are fundraising can approach L.I.V.E. to direct the proceeds from a particular event towards their organization. In this way some of the money which is spent by lesbians in this community will be returned to the community.

Chris points out that the Fly Girl dances in Victoria are well-attended, large-scale events. However, none of the money which is raised at Fly Girl remains in Victoria. L.I.V.E believes that there is a need for large-scale events in

Victoria which support and contribute to Victoria's lesbian community.

L.I.V.E's first project was the organization of a Valentine's dance on Feb.14th at the Wasteland. Other plans are in motion but Chris and Christi would appreciate your input. As Chris is aware, "Our responsibility is to find out what lesbians in Victoria want".

So, if you want to give L.I.V.E your two-cents worth, complete the following questionnaire and drop it off at the UVic Women's Centre. There will be a manila envelope labelled L.I.V.E in the Emily Mail Box. ♀

What do you, as a lesbian, feel is necessary in Victoria?

- ☐ A Lesbian Bath house
- ☐ A Lesbian Cafe
- ☐ A Lesbian Community Centre/Support Group Space
- ☐ Lesbian Warehouse Dances 1 every week
- ☐ 1 every 2 weeks
- ☐ A Lesbian Sporting Group

What is an acceptable amount of money to spend on an evening out?

## high tide

*In the midst of life we are in death, etc.*

-The Smiths

1.

She bends to her knees, a standing fetal position, curling into herself like an orchid. Neatly compact, she feels safely hidden within the folds of her body. She imagines the cool November breeze running its fingers through her hair and caressing the small of her back like a lover. She feels sand sticking between her toes and it is a comfortable feeling, like a hand on her shoulder. The stench of seaweed invades her nostrils, almost pushing her up in an impatient gesture. Her skin erupts in goose pimples and she observes them

slowly, indifferent to their presence. Rubbing the flats of her palms against the bare flesh of her legs, she warms the bumps away. Meticulously, she caresses every eruption of skin. She has all day. All the time in the world and these bumps must be gone.

The friction of her skin lulls her towards the floor. She can no longer stand as the waves come crashing in. It is high tide and she fears she will drown. As her body touches cold tile, her skin responds in a frenzy of gasps, sending a tremor up her spine. A final chilling wave rinsing her clean, leaving only a salty trail behind.

She begins to shiver.

She can no longer discern between the reality of the checkered tile floor on which she sits or the ocean shore where she longs to be.

Lapping, she can hear the waves lapping. She marvels at the word and speaks it aloud, letting it roll off her tongue like a lick.

'Lapping. La, la, lapping.'

She smiles to herself, pushing away the soft cat that has appeared at her side, its rough tongue like needles to her skin, the flavor of salt lingering on its lips. Reaching over, she wants to pet the cat, feel its fur between her fingers, let its purr lull her into a dead feline slumber. Her hand brushes the empty air. There is nothing there.

She touches her fingers to her lips. She can taste the salt of her skin and she knows for sure. She is at the beach. It is November and the leaves are on fire. The wind is in heat, pushing at her skin desperately. He too knows the taste of flesh and the way salt curls your tongue and numbs it. It is comforting to her to know that he understands her pain. She senses his need to reassure her, keep her safe. The blanket he has thrown on her shoulders is damp, but she clings to it.

She reaches up and touches her soft hair. It feels foreign. Not a part of her anymore. Petting herself, fingers combing through to the scalp with exactness, she extracts a single strand of hair and holds it up to the light. She is back on the kitchen tile, as if she had uprooted herself as well as the hair with a deliberate tug of her hand. She quickly marvels at the power of thought and believes herself capable of anything.

After all, she brought herself here. To this place, this plane of existence where time ticks as slow as an aborted heartbeat and reality is what you hold in front of your eyes.

In front of her eyes is a single strand of hair. Alone in the light. She holds it up with two hands, pulls it taught. As

# Don't you think that every creative



Continued from page 12

it breaks she lets it fall, wondering if she too would break when pulled too tight.

The tide is coming in.

She sits on the bottom with her legs stuck straight out of her. Like an arrow they point toward the water that crashed beyond, a sing-song surf. She chants back to the swells in a tiny voice: 'Splash. Splash. Splash.' The waves seem to answer her loud, and thundering. Banging on kettle drums, a grotesque mating ritual of throats.

The water tickles up and down her legs, trying to crawl up her waist like wet insects. It no longer feels cold to her. Perhaps she has gotten used to it. A pleasing numb that sits on her skin like a sweater, warm and forgotten.

A fridge magnet startling white with black letters, flashes in her head. She wonders how it got there. Stuck somewhere in her mind between thoughts from her past, it must have been waiting until now to appear. A sign of the future that has already occurred. Too late.

She can see it plainly on her mother's fridge, in her mother's home, the home where she grew up.

*Insanity is hereditary; you get it from your kids.*

She repeats the lines in her head, over and over. Their harmony is reassuring to her. The conclusion so plain. It was meant to be funny. She imagines her mother seeing the magnet among many others in the shop where she bought it. A sea of slogans and anecdotes. Advice that would make the world seem alright and make it all seem kind of funny. She imagines her

mother chuckling at a particular one and thinking, that's the one. That's the one I will put on my fridge.

There is her mother, placing the magnet on the fridge. Stuck there now. You can't change that.

Now she is cold. The shivering has started again and she can't help but shake. She wonders if it will end with cold. She does not want to go in the cold, a pioneer among snow, shoveling a path through the white barriers.

She feels separate from the world, in a fog. When will it be over? She no longer feels like she has all the time in the world to sort her thoughts and find her peace. Is she waiting for someone to arrive? Biding her time? Perhaps courage is not contained within a bottle of pills but within the sound of a doorknob turning.

She shakes her head vigorously at this thought, all the untruths flying off her head like a mist of rain.

'This is where I want to be. This is where I belong.'

The beach is gone. She can no longer feel the sand cold like metal under her legs and the wind has found the leaves in the trees more appealing. He can shake them from their roots more easily than he can shake her. She feels embedded to the spot on the kitchen floor, the checkered tile an x, marking the spot.

Like most things, the love of even the wind is vague

2.

She listens to his voice. It is like butter in its sweetness. She asks him to tell her a story because she wants to hear him speak.

'What kind of story?'

He asks her this knowing that she does not care, a familiar routine, as easy as week old bed sheets. He slides beneath her covers, feeling her smell and her hands clutched in the same tired pattern.

She can feel him slipping from her. He has grown tired of patterns and routine. What once delighted him now makes him smile wanly.

As he speaks, she watches his hands, moving with the wind of his words. Long and bony, they remind her of her grandfather. She would climb his limbs like a tree and nestle in the branches. The nails on his fingers are flat and shiny like a counter top. She imagines the smoothness of his skin in her hand and longs to hold them.

The power he holds in his hands, she thinks. The power he holds in his hands is like the water at high tide. He can make everything disappear.

He finishes his story feebly. He is bored and in need of change.

Change is a wonderful thing, she agrees. Change is what you find at the beach in low tide. Many treasures. You have to pick carefully among the driftwood. Sometimes there is a shell that the ocean has carried more carefully than the others, clutched within its waves. It will be perfect.

He nods, his head bobbing like the buoyancy of his lies. More feebleness. A sheepish smile and he opens and closes his safe, sweet hands and crawls from the room, a spider.

She is alone in the checkered tile kitchen, her only

place in the world right now. She is determined to make it whatever she wants. The beach, where her thoughts can drift out to her. Now she can think clearly. Sort through the refuse he left behind and search for any sort of treasure.

She refuses all thoughts of him except his hands. He found her like a shell on the beach and polished her smooth, ignoring the broken pieces. His hands mend her; his hands place her back on the beach.

The stories are over now. She wonders to herself, what next?

She must think carefully. It would do her no good to sift through her faults like sand and find the pearl that made him go.

Was she not a treasure?

It is funny to her, how her value has decreased and he now seems so unattainable.

3.

She feels confined in her clothes so she takes them off.

She takes some pills. And waits.

She pictures him on the beach, walking among driftwood, eyes at his feet.

The tide is coming in again, if it ever left. The water is not warm, but icy cold. Her nipples contract and her skin ripples a shiver into the water. The wind is somewhere nearby, flirting with the leaves.

Jennifer Charchun

# Soho Bites My Dyke Ass

by K. Dickson

I worked there for four months with a degenerate boss but decent co-workers and a part-time great tips kind of job. Staff found out almost immediately that I am a lesbian and the worst that ensued was some ridiculous comments from the owner. Casual asides such as "still kissing girls" and promises that he would be around anytime I "changed my mind" were common and not seriously taken.

I was great at my job. No complaints, quick, friendly, smoozing with customers, on time, on call, on top of everything.

New owners in december did not change much. Only a cut in hours, and work as usual.

New Years eve I was approached by one owner/manager who casually breathed that he was taking full time hours now as manager; they did not need my services any longer. "Pick up your cheque in a week or so".

I did not argue. I did not question. I have noticed, since, that there are two new staff, and a current female staff member was offered full time hours the same time as my lay-off. All the male waiters and bussers are still working, even those over which I had seniority.

Three weeks later I finally got my cheque after a lot of run-around. My girlfriend and I went in to pick it up. I put my hand on her shoulder and as we were preparing to leave I suddenly felt ill. Surrounded by three leering older men, my position became revoltingly clear. I, as a lesbian, will not flirt with male customers, will not wear sexually suggestive clothing, will not look the part of a heterosexual female beauty, will not act in any way to use my sexuality to sell food.

This is not the end of this story. A Human Rights Council complaint has been issued. The Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual Alliance (L.G.B.A.), the Womyn's Liberation Army (W.L.A.), and Dyke Watch have been informed.♀

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# Woman is a lover and a revolutionary?

*Nabaneeta Dev Sen, poet*



## To Hugh

*you loom in my night shadows  
the phone rings fall silent rings again  
your disembodied voice reproaches me  
I am not crazy you say  
i sit in a cloud of smoke and watch your face appear  
over my shoulder  
don't you know I love you you say craftily*

*later whispers linger in the corners of the room  
pleas become threats hunched in the dark  
high up behind my pane of glass I see you  
emerge below the streetlight  
you see me  
and smile into my eyes  
I am not ready for this kind of love*

Deborah Thien

## Not Another Fairytale

*Once upon a time in  
an era not so far away  
a girl child cried  
on the front steps  
of the white church! Don't take  
me home don't take me back  
there. Don't take from  
me anymore.*

*Upon a time once  
in a city not too far  
away walking to  
school a man in  
the bramble had  
eaten all the blackberrys  
and was groping the girl  
child to get some of hers.*

*Once upon a time in a bedroom  
close by everyone knew  
to stay out! 4:00PM that's  
when the daddy loved his girl  
child alone in the discomfort  
of her own home.*

*Upon a time once so  
very nearby and faraway  
the mother had another.  
the girl child held  
the boy child named for it's father  
while it died she silently  
hated it for leaving.*

*Once upon a time a  
girl child trickling  
blood bruised from her  
lip lay on the bed. pillow  
stained with blood from  
last weeks beating.*

*Once upon a time in  
an era not so far away  
a girl child cried  
on the front steps.  
of the white church! Don't take  
me home don't take me back  
there. Don't take from  
me anymore.*

Christie Shaw

## Milestones

*I want to fall in love with you  
in the smoking section  
between bites of the whole wheat toast  
I order with breakfast  
while you scrape up forkfuls of pancake syrup  
I will wrap my heart around you  
rub my feet on the dash of your eighteen wheeler  
get out at all the truck stops  
for strawberry pie  
I want to drive 120 k's  
down the freeway at night  
watch sunsets through flattened bugs  
on the windshield  
these are the things that say love  
roses, theatre tickets  
become stale and dusty  
I want us to keep moving over unpaved places  
jack and spare tire  
in the trunk of whatever we're driving  
I want you to call me brave  
or even home.*

Adrienne Mercer

photo by Joy Munt



*Don't you think that every creative*



mary's light

is buried amongst societal debris  
between the synapses  
of the brain  
I play connect the dots  
and her constellation appears

mary is the bad example  
i remember  
she goes with boys and men  
in their cars and trucks

she clears the hurdles  
to make me feel better  
when i am burnt out foolish dejected  
and under the cedar tree  
i want her

mary dons her persona:  
a swirl of powdery grey moth's wings  
to guard a doorway  
through which  
children, animals, your self, gardens,  
multitudes  
are spied

mary is woman's juice  
she is a wonder  
luscious as a mango  
artful as a spider

judicious as the weight of breath  
and fluid as the ink of the octopus

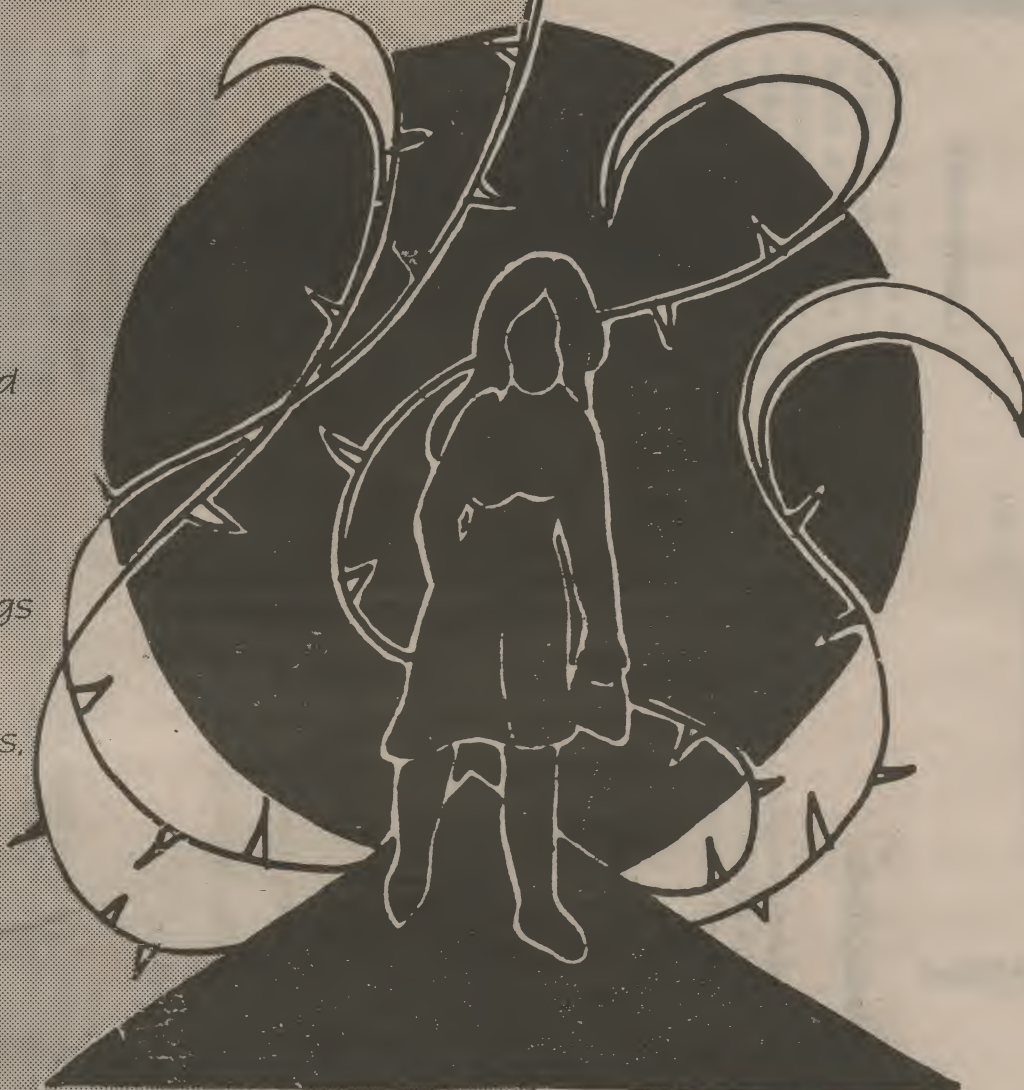
\*this poem is part of a series focusing on images of Mary Magdalene

Carol Chavigny

A

in the end i can longer hold on  
burned by intensity that keeps me coming back  
again and again.  
i cannot speak of it  
only allude to it  
shake with it  
and collapse -  
bewildered.  
if i could touch your skin  
the bones of your wrist  
or the spaces between your fingers.  
but i am silent  
mute with need.  
stumbling  
on your name.

S. Boon



Rep. 1995. 84.

OF MELANIE, AND ANOTHER WOMAN THE NEWSPAPER  
DID NOT NAME

They found her. Melanie, the one who  
worked in the tanning salon. They found  
her cold frozen, bruised.

Another woman was discovered, faceless down  
in the snow. Bite marks, 'lacerations  
on her breasts,' said the paper.

A different story reports she choked on  
her own vomit, that was why she died.  
Who else's vomit would she have choked  
on, his?

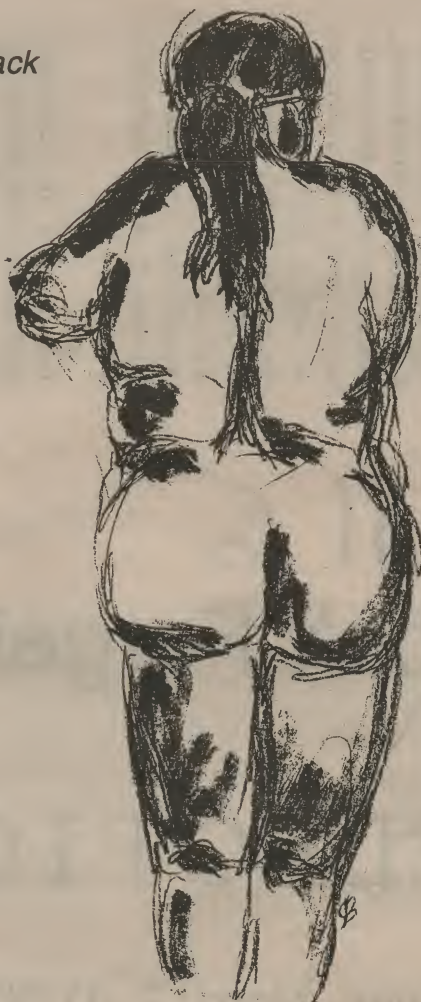
I laughed bitterly as I read that. After  
all, this was following a bar pick-up scene,  
not an airforce initiation. These days it is  
hard to see the difference.

Last week at my parents' I told my father  
they wouldn't find her alive. As I sit  
sniveling, we are both miserable to be  
right. His nodding concern was my companion,  
Melanie's fathers' was hers'.

I am so afraid for her. Afraid of her,  
what she will say. She speaks loud volume's,  
an encyclopedia or torture. Each bruise,  
each jagged rip, entire chapters.

Yes Andrea, I too wish for a truce. An end  
to the battle. a seal for this tome,  
our tomb.

JACQUELINE ANNE CRUMMEY



woman is a lover and a revolutionary?

Nabaneeta Dev Sen, poet



## Date Rape and Dating Violence Project

The Women's Centre Date Rape and Dating Violence Education Project (the DR/DV) is now in it's third year of operation at UVic. Over the past three years, the DR/DV has provided workshops on sexual assault and violence in intimate relationships both on and off campus, produced educational materials such as posters and pamphlets, advocated for survivors of violence on campus, both on a collective and individual level, lobbied the Administration for changes to their response to sexual violence among students, and worked to educate students about the extent of sexual violence that exists on campus.

The DR/DV has also been involved in the implementation of the Sexual Assault Officer, who is responsible for coordinating services for survivors on campus, been involved in the re-establishing of the Subcommittee on Sexual Assault, and the creation of the proposed Sexual Assault Resource Centre in the forthcoming Sub expansion.

The Project is currently implementing the Sexual Aggression and Violence in Intimate Relationships survey to students on campus, with the hope that the information derived from the research can prod the Administration into taking survivors needs seriously. The survey has been mailed out to 1000 randomly selected students, and others who wish to complete the survey can pick up a copy at the SUB general office.

Students who wish to become involved in the project can leave a message at the Women's Centre or call 388-1512 for more info.

**VOLUNTEERS** are needed to help prepare for International Women's Week (March 6-10). If you are interested please leave your name and phone number at the UVic Women's Centre (SUB Room 146) or call 721-8353. Our subcommittees are:

- \*Art Show
- \*Film Festival
- \*Craft Fair
- \*Panel Discussion/Coffee House
- \*Advertising
- \*Workshops/Playshops
- \*New ideas welcome!!

## International Women's Week

### Upcoming Blind Date Productions

Sat March 4 at Camosun College  
 Azimuth Theatre Co. explores sexual abuse issues in a multi-disciplinary theatre piece. Co-sponsored with Camosun College Safer Campus Project and Victoria Women's Sexual Assault Centre.

April 1 at UVic David Lam Auditorium  
 Artist Sheila Norgate presents a new performance art piece. Co-sponsored by UVic Women's Studies.

### International Women's Week Agenda

(Some things may change slightly as we are still in planning process)  
 Keep your eyes open for advertising.

1. Film Festival At Cinecenta  
 Monday March 6 - Thursday March 9  
 A series of movies on women's spirituality, oppression, empowerment, sexuality, and art.
- Monday March 6 "Keepers of the Fire" Christine Welsh will introduce and discuss her film.
2. Craft Show in upper SUB March 6 - 10  
 Featuring women crafts people.
3. Women's Art show. Downtown.  
 Showing women artists from Victoria. Opening March 4.
4. Coffee House at Fernwood Community Center on March 12 to close down International women's week. A potluck.

\*If you would like to volunteer or get more information come to the women's center SUB 146.

### lecture series

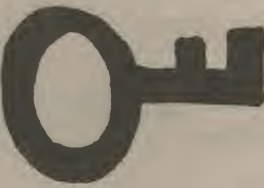
THE EXCLUSION OF NON-READING WOMEN FROM THE FEMINIST MOVEMENT

Suzanne Doyle, founder of the UVic chapter of Students for Literacy and winner of the Mary Isabelle Mackie Award recognizing her contribution to literacy, is speaking on this topic at Cinecenta, March 15, at 12:30.

### Subculture

### Coffeehouse

Hot Flashes Women's Coffeehouse now has a regular space and time! Join us the last Saturday of the month at St. Alban's Church, 1468 Ryan St., 8 pm.



## Women and Radio

I am doing a public affairs radio show on CFUV about environmental and social issues activism. The show is called Active Airwaves and is co-hosted by two womyn, Tathra Street and I, and we are looking for any material that you would care to contribute. We also invite any womyn to come on air with us to do theme shows on any topic. We are interested in providing listeners with womyn-oriented and womyn-produced programming. If you are interested please drop a note for me at CFUV and I will get in touch with you. Thanks!!

In Peace and Sisterhood,  
 Jo Lui

## Lesbian Art

We are a group of Victoria dykes organizing a Lesbian Visual Art Exhibition, including all media. Submissions will be accepted from lesbian artists living on Vancouver Island and the Gulf Islands. We plan to hold the exhibition in the Fall of 1995. We are looking for dykes to help make this happen. We also need help finding a big space to house the exhibition. If you would like to get involved, have suggestions for a location, or would like more information, call Margot at 380-6617.

## Women's Craft Fair

There will be a WOMEN'S CRAFT FAIR in the UVic Student Union Building during International Women's Week (March 6-10). We have free space for craftswomen to promote and sell their own handmade products (no imports please). February 20, 1995 is the deadline for vendor application submissions. Please call the UVic Women's Centre (721-8353, or SUB room 146) and leave your name, phone number, items sold and time availability, or for more details. We will confirm vendors by phone by February 25, 1995.

# BILLBOARDS



# Hey Women Don't Forget to Vote!

## UVSS ELECTIONS

- First All Candidates Forum - March 2, 11:30, SUB Upper
- Second All candidates Forum - March 8, 11:30, SUB Upper
- Vote - March 14, 15 & 16